

# The Chronicles of Addington Peace

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## MR CORAN'S ELECTION

(Continued.)

"My brother refuses the movement his support," she said in a loud, firm voice. "My reply to him is, torturer, inquisitor. What are your views on the subject?"

"The same, my dear madam, as your own," said the disgraceful little hypocrite. "How does the cause progress in Brendon?"

"I trust that in a few weeks our local branch will have been placed on such a basis as to be a model to the whole society."

"Aunt is rather a crank on anti-vice," whispered Miss Emily in my ear. "Do be careful, if she tackles you about it."

I laughed, and the subject changed between us.

After the ladies left, Coran began a gloomy autobiography. His family, he said, had been living in the north of England at the time of the London escapade. No account of the affair, which appeared in only one paper, had reached them. He had left for Sheffield shortly afterwards, and it was not until ten years later that the death of his father had given him a couple of thousand pounds, with which he bought a share in his present business, which had greatly prospered.

Concerning Thomas Appleton, the young man whom he suspected, he spoke most bitterly. He was, indeed, in the middle of his denunciations when Peace slipped from his chair and moved softly to the window.

With a swift jerk he drew the blind aside and stared out. From where I sat I could see an empty stretch of lawn with shrubs beyond showing darkly in the summer twilight.

"A lovely evening," he said over his shoulder.

We both watched him in surprise as he dropped the blind and walked back to his seat, stopping on his way to pat the terrier that lay on a mat by the window.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked Coran.

"If we are to keep our business here a secret you must not talk too loud—that is all."

"I don't understand you."

"One of your household was listening at the window."

"Do you mean to tell me that I am spied upon by my own people?" cried Coran, angrily. "What gave you such an idea?"

"The dog there."

"Absurd!"

"Not at all, Mr. Coran. From where he lay he could look under the lower edge of the blind, which was not drawn completely down. He raised his eyes; some one approached; he wagged his tail, it was a friend with whom he was well acquainted. If it had been a stranger he would have run barking to the window. It is simple enough, surely."

"Did you see who it was?" asked our host, with a sudden change of manner. "No," said the little man. "But I think this conversation unwise. Shall we join the ladies in the drawing room?"

Peace was in his most entertaining mood that night. Poor Emily, who was sitting by the French windows, staring sadly out into the gathering shadows, was led to the piano, where she recalled her forbidden lover in sentimental ditties. He engaged Miss Rebecca in an argument on the local control of licensed premises, which gave that worthy old lady an opportunity for genuine oratory. Even our melancholy host was drawn out of his miseries by a reference to the water supply.

When ten o'clock came, and the ladies were led away under Miss Rebecca's wing—they keep early hours in Brendon—I shook the inspector by the hand in sincere admiration. It had been a really smart performance, and I told him so.

The little man did not respond. Instead, he drew us together in a corner and issued his orders with sharp precision.

"Mr. Coran, at fifteen minutes to eleven you will leave the house by the drawing room windows and place the envelope you have prepared in the locker of the summer house. When you return do not fasten the catch, for I may wish to enter during the night. Walk upstairs to your bed and get to sleep if you can. Mr. Phillips, you will go to your room and stay there. The window overlooks the garden. If you want to keep watch—for I do not suppose you can resist that temptation—see that your head is well out of sight. When Mr. Coran leaves the

house, listen at your door. If you hear anyone moving, go and find out who it may be. You understand?"

"Yes," I answered. "But what are you going to do?"

"Discover a suitable place from which I can keep an eye on the summer house. Good-night to you."

When I reached my room, I took off my coat, placed a chair some six feet back from the open window, so that the rising moon should not show my face to any watchers in the laurels, and so waited events.

It was a soft summer night, such as only temperate England knows. There was not a breath of wind; a perfume of flowers crept in from the garden; every leaf stood black and still in the silvery light. I heard the clock chime three-quarters of an hour in some room beneath me. The last stroke had barely shivered into silence when I saw Coran appear upon the lawn, walking towards the summer house, the outlines of which I could distinguish amongst the heavier shadows of the trees by which it was surrounded. I remembered my orders, and crept softly to the door, which I had left ajar. The minutes slipped by without a sound, and presently I began to wonder why Coran had not returned. His room was not far from mine. I must have heard his foot upon the stairs. He had disobeyed his orders, that was evident. However, it was not my affair, and I crept back to my point of observation.

Twelve! I heard the clock tap out the news from the room below. I was nodding in my chair, barely awake. After all, it was a trivial matter, this trumpery blackmail. Half an hour more, thought I, pulling out my watch, and I will get to bed.

The affair was becoming extremely monotonous. I dared not light a cigarette, for I felt certain that Peace would notice the glow from outside, and that I should hear of it in the morning. Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour—what was that moving under the trees by the edge of the drive? It was a man—two men. I crouched forward with every nerve in me suddenly awakened.

They were a good thirty yards apart, the one following the other with stealthy strides—not the sort of walk with which honest men go about honest business.

When the leader came to the path which led towards the summer house he turned down it, leaving the drive to his right. He avoided the gravel, keeping to the silent turf which fringed it. His companion followed him step by step.

It was a curious spectacle, these slow-moving shadows that drifted forward through the night, now almost obscured beneath the branches, now showing in black silhouette against a patch of moonlight.

As the first man melted amongst the trees about the summer house, the other moved forward swiftly for a score of steps and then halted for a moment, crouching behind a clump of laurel. Suddenly he sprang up again and ran straight forward, cutting a corner across the lower edge of the lawn.

Peace had told me to remain in the house. But Peace had never expected two men; I was sure of that. I crept down the stairs, out through the French windows of the drawing room, and so across the lawn to the trees about the summer house.

There was no shouting, but I could hear the faint tramping of a scuffle and the thud of falling bodies. Then all was still again.

As I passed through them I saw a little group standing in whispered conversation. They turned sharply upon me. One was a stranger, but his companions were Peace and, to my vast surprise, old Coran himself.

"Well, Mr. Phillips," said the detective, "and what do you want?"

"I thought—" I began.

"Oh, you've been thinking, too, have you," he snapped. "Here is a young man who was thinking he would like to look at this extremely commonplace summer house; here is Mr. Coran who was thinking he might help me by lurking about his garden instead of going to bed; and here are you with heaven knows what ideas in your head. Perhaps you and Mr. Coran will do what you are told another time."

"I saw two men," I explained humbly. "I was afraid they might get the better of you. How was I to know that it was Mr. Coran who had disobeyed orders?"

"You are both pleased to be humorous," said our host, and I could see he was trembling with rage. "But the fact remains that I caught this young man entering the summer house for a purpose we can well imagine. Inspector Addington Peace, I charge

this person, Thomas Appleton, with blackmail."

"Can you explain your presence, Mr. Appleton?" asked the detective, kindly.

He did not look a criminal, for he stood very straight and square, regarding the three of us with an amused smile.

"Of course, I had no right to be here," he said. "Though why I should find a detective waiting to arrest me for blackmail, or why Mr. Coran should spring upon my back and roll me over, I cannot imagine."

"This is much as I expected," snarled his accuser. "Effrontery and impudence are ever the associates of crime. Inspector, you will oblige me by producing the handcuffs."

"I should like a word in private, Mr. Coran."

They walked off together, leaving me alone with Mr. Thomas Appleton, who offered a cigarette.

"Has there been an epidemic of lunacy in the neighborhood?" he inquired politely.

"No," I said, laughing in spite of myself. "But how, in heaven's name, do you explain your visit to the summer house at this hour of the night?"

"I am afraid I must decline to answer you," he said, and quietly turned the subject.

Coran returned, with a face of vindictive indecision. Under his veil of austerity there had smouldered a dangerous temper, which was close upon bursting into flame. But, after all, he had excuse enough. Heaven alone knew what bawled ambition, what treacherous insults he had come to associate with this young man. The same passions actuate humanity, whether they view the world from one end of the telescope or the other.

"I have decided to waive your arrest for the present," he growled.

"It would certainly create a great scandal in Brendon," said Appleton, firmly.

"You count on that, do you?" cried the elder man. "You think you have a hold upon me, that I am afraid of you. Take care, sir, take care."

"You choose to be mysterious, Mr. Coran. I have no hold on you. But I should think twice if I were you before arresting an innocent man."

"Innocent! What were you doing here?"

"That is my business."

Coran turned away, wringing his hands together in his odd manner when greatly excited.

"Go," he snarled over his shoulder. "Go, before I strangle you."

As I dropped off to sleep half an hour later I was still wondering why Peace had refused a bed, remaining

for the night in the garden. Could he expect more visits to the summer house? Why had young Appleton come sneaking up at so late an hour if he were not guilty? The problem that had seemed so simple was changed into a maze of strange complications. I was too sleepy to trace them further.

I was awakened by a touch on my shoulder. It was Coran who stood by my bedside.

"We breakfast in half an hour," he said uneasily.

"I will be punctual."

"Forgive my importunity, Mr. Phillips; but promise me that you will be careful before Miss Rebecca. She is so very acute. I never knew a woman with a keener instinct for scandal. And, as a father, I cannot forget the future of my poor girls. If she knew the truth she would not leave them a penny; also, her heart is affected."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"Thank you. It is very necessary that you should be discreet."

He stalked out of the room and left me wondering at him with an amused cynicism.

I started for London with my host by the 9:05. To avoid suspicion, Peace accompanied us to the station; but there he left us. He had, he said, work to do in the town.

Coran was cheerful with the limited cheerfulness that nature allowed him. Doubtless he felt that he had his enemy in his power. He was very talkative concerning the final address which he was advertised to deliver that evening at eight o'clock. It was to be the completion, the coping-stone to his campaign, and was calculated to ensure his election next day. I expressed regret that I should not be privileged to hear it.

I lunched at my club, and, shortly after three, returned to my rooms. There, in my easiest chair, reading an evening paper, who should I discover but Inspector Peace.

"Hello," I said. "I didn't expect you back so soon."

"This is a very comfortable chair of yours, Mr. Phillips," he smiled. "I was glad of a rest."

"And how goes Brendon?"

"So well that I am going to take you down there by the 4:10 train."

I tried to draw his discoveries out of him, but he would tell me nothing. Something was going to happen which might interest me if I came along—that was the beginning and end of his news. It was sufficient to make me promise to join him, however, as he very well knew.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

## "MAN'S BEST FRIEND"

DOGS EMPLOYED AS GUARDS BY GREEK ARMY.

They Replace Railway Sentries and in Paris Rendr Valuable Aid to the Police—Are Above Bribery.

After several attempts had been made to damage the railways used for the transportation of Greek troops into Turkish territory, dogs were employed to guard the lines, the Greek government being unable to spare soldiers for the purpose. The results were excellent. At Larissa in particular the entire railroad line was efficaciously protected by dogs.

So much interest has been aroused in Europe by this new use for dogs and the success of the experiment that reports have been officially asked for by the various European military authorities concerning the special training of the dogs.

For several years perfectly trained police dogs have been found invaluable in Paris, and they have been assigned to important duties. All along the banks of the Seine dogs watch for accidents. If a careless passenger or an unwary boatman falls off one of the many boats and barges plying constantly up and down the Seine, one of the big, beautiful Newfoundland river guards bounds into the water to the rescue, barking to give the alarm and after swimming with the limp body to the shore. Even the bridges are closely watched by the dogs, for from the Seine bridges many despairing men and women leap into the river, hoping thus to end their misery.

It is now believed that countless railway wrecks due to deliberate design during labor troubles could be prevented if railroad sections were policed by dogs. Their efficacy in this duty has been unquestionably proved in the Balkan war.

Dogs are now used to escort prisoners to and from jail in Paris. They will courageously attack their enemy even when fired upon, as a notorious bandit found to his cost during a recent struggle to escape while being conveyed to trial. This is a result obtained by careful training.

How to defend his master is another important lesson taught the police dog. The dog must snarl and bite as soon as an attempt to hold up his master is made. In this the police dog is developing marvelous qualities.

Guarding property is another of the police dog's duties, and in this also he has proved himself an adept. Articles left in his care are safe and faithfully watched.

His moral training forms as much of a police dog's education as his professional lesson. He is taught to be honest and faithful and not to accept a bribe. The latter is important because poisoned meat is often offered to these dogs. The police dog soon learns to eat nothing but what his master serves him, and is an example to many men in his resistance to temptation.

Among the Cobwebs.

Bishop Candler of Atlanta, apropos of worldly parsons, said the other day:

"There was a worldly parson of this type in Philadelphia, a great fox hunter, whom a Spruce street Quaker took in hand.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I understand thee's clever at fox catching."

"I have few equals and no superiors at that sport," the parson complacently replied.

"Nevertheless, friend," said the Quaker, "if I were a fox I would hide where thee would never find me."

"Where would you hide?" asked the parson, with a frown.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I would hide in thy study."

Saving More Millions.

Millions of dollars will be saved the government by the use of a newly devised stamp-printing machine. The apparatus is scheduled to turn out a mile of postage stamps every five minutes. It was designed by Benjamin R. Steckney. There will be a saving of 57 per cent in the production cost of stamps.

This new machine, which prints, gums, dries, perforates, and either cuts into sheets or winds into coils 12,000 stamps in one minute, will save the government several million dollars in the cost of stamps alone in the course of a few years. The bureau of engraving and printing now turns out 40,000,000 stamps daily, but with the use of the new machine and because of the increased demand, it will be able to manufacture many more millions a day.

Free Transportation.

Scientific Mamma—Do not dance all the evening, dear. Remember that the dancers at an average ball cover a total of nine miles.

Practical Daughter—Oh, but a girl is carried most of the way, mamma!—Puck.



## DOLL-MAKING AN INDIAN ART

Marvelous Miniatures Are Those Turned Out by Clever Aborigines of Mexico.

It is thought that the tiniest dolls are those made by Mexican Indians. They are barely three-fourths of an inch long in many cases, but are nevertheless perfect in detail.

The method of manufacture is as follows: First there is a diminutive framework of wire. This is then wound with fine silk thread until the proper figure has been secured. The costumes are then cut according to the character of the doll, and fitted to it.

With needles that can scarcely be held in the fingers, needles of which the eyes are almost invisible, various designs are embroidered on the dolls' clothes with the finest of silk threads. So cleverly do the Indians execute these designs that even through a powerful glass the details appear to be perfect, although the work is accomplished without the aid of any—enlarging device.

Once properly dressed, the doll is given its hair. Even to the details of braids and ribbons this work is carried out. Then there are formed the eyes, nose, mouth, hands and feet.

In Mexico these dolls are sold for ridiculously small sums. It takes about two hours of painstaking labor to make one of the simplest of the manikins.

Some dolls are provided with tiny baskets of flowers, fancy sombreros, water jars and other paraphernalia. The baskets are made of hair by the Indians of Guanajuato. The bits of pottery are made of clay, in exact imitation of the practical sites. All these accessories are sewed to the dolls.

Miniature roses are embroidered in the costumes of the dancing girls and ornaments are arranged in their hair. Wreaths of flowers are hung about the shoulders and the arms are formed in graceful and life-like attitudes of dancing. The matador is complete in every particular—his costume being gayly decorated in many colors, the hair dressed in true Spanish fashion, including the conventional queue.

## KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT IT

Hubby's Confession Did Him Honor, but Really Was Not Much of a Surprise to Wife.

"Marie," said Mr. Valesburg to his wife.

"Yes, John."

"I have something on my mind that I must tell you before I can ever be happy."

"I shall be glad to hear anything you have to say, John."

"It is hard to tell you, but I can't hide the truth any longer. Marie, I married you under false pretenses."

"You did!"

"Do you remember what it was that brought us together?"

"Can I ever forget it, John? We were at the bathing beach, I was drowning, and you saved me after I had given myself up for lost."

"And afterward, in gratitude, you married me."

"Yes, I felt that I owed my life to you."

"Marie, I deluded you about that rescue business. Where you believed yourself drowning the water was only waist deep. You were never in danger."

"I knew it, John," she answered. "I had one foot on the bottom all the time."

## House Built of Porcelain.

An English inventor is building a house of sheets of porcelain, paneled and welded on a steel framework. The walls, being non-porous, would not retain dirt or disease germs. No matter how careless or dirty the previous tenant had been, a bucketful of water and some soap would make it as sweet and clean as a polished dinner plate.

## Most Noiseless Goods He Had.

The new clerk was doing his best to be accommodating, but it seemed to him that his customer was trying to call for things of which he had never heard. Finally she asked, "Have you any silent clocks?" Doubt clouded his face for a moment, then he brought down a box and triumphantly spread out a muffler.